

Notes From The Ruins

The origin of these notes is unknown; they were found amid the ashes of a fire that almost devoured an entire civilization. Although the fire is still familiar, the notes' origin will remain a mystery .

Prelude : _A War Without Origin_

The people went to war, annihilating each other—none knowing who was innocent.
The devastation is still unfolding. No one knew how to stop it then.
No one knows how to stop it now.

Some say it started as a game.
A spark—a fire ignited by accident.
But when smoke reached their lungs, blame spread faster than flames.
Nobody wanted responsibility.
Nobody sought rescue.
They ran in circles while the apocalyptic blaze sealed the only escape.

Choosing the Ashes

When the fire shrank, the people remained.
Living among ruins felt familiar—
Together, but separated.
Opinions became walls.
Reason became ridicule.
And truth?
Blasphemy.

In disaster's aftermath, dogmas rose like weeds.
Were they coping mechanisms or sacred lies?
The villagers worship their ruins now.
Meanwhile, preachers and poets still whisper,
"All we need is love."

Interrogating Love

But what is love?
Is it misunderstood craving—
A longing for something undefined?
One girl claimed people prefer their oppression.
She spoke of trivial disruptions,
Yet wanted love untouched by imperfection.

So how do we know what we need
When we've never truly understood it?
If love endures, why do we reject its suffering?
Who can play in the dirt without getting dirty?
And who can love unconditionally

Without becoming hollow in the process?

If love expects nothing in return,
Is it noble or naive?
If we expect fairness,
Are we selfish or simply honest?

And if love means never causing harm,
Do we become soft—
Like earthworms without backbones?

Where Wisdom Fractures
Love has become controversial,
Like a word spoken too many times until it loses meaning.
Wisdom, tinted by geography and agenda—
Dark in Asia, yellow in Oceania—
Is missing its pieces.

The fire grows.
Nobody thinks.
Just running.
Always running.

Metaphors for Collapse
The soul—starved into hollowness.
The well—poisoned by neglect.
The ship—sailing without its captain,
Because the sailors think the storm taught them enough.

It's time to plant trees.
Not the kind grown from snake oil
Or cooked truths.
But thought trees—individual and collective.
Let them bear fruits worth eating.

But I have no seeds.
I wait,
Standing amid flames,
Digging for water.
I haven't found it.

So I wait
For the rain
To put out the fire.